

POWELL, L.C.

TO NEW- bury to buy an Old Book



PRINTED AT THE SIGN OF JOHN DUN-
TON'S HEAD FOR H.W.E.

[Where you may have Money for any parcel
of old Books.]



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TO
NEWBURY
TO BUY AN
OLD BOOK



Printed for Private Circulation
by H. W. E.

PRINTED AT THE CURWEN PRESS
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DURING THE YEAR we lived in London, the Royal Mailman slid our delivery through the slot in the door. Every weekday morning between seven-thirty and eight, snap of the spring and slithering slap of the letters on the floor were our alarm clock, signalling time for me to rise and go down the long hall of our flat, sublet to us by an English friend, put on water for coffee, then pick up the scattered mail. While waiting for the water to boil I had first turn at *The Times*, which the newsagent in Cranmer Court also delivered to the door. Then with the coffee tray, *The Times*, and her mail taken to my wife's bedside table, I settled with my cup and my mail in the sitting room whose high windows looked south over Chelsea and the Royal Hospital, across the Thames to Battersea, and beyond to the hills of Kent. Every morning I told weather by the direction of the smoke from the high stacks of the Battersea Power Station. London's weather is as fickle as London's character is fixed, sea-born, wind-borne, never abiding for long. When I had an idea of what the morning would be like, I would open the mail and drink my coffee.

In my scale of values letters were second-class mail; bookseller's catalogs first. Accustomed to getting British catalogs on the Pacific coast long after collectors on the Atlantic side had received theirs, I was now in a position of top priority, and I took full advantage of it. By mail, telegraph, telephone or personal visit I would place my orders within a few minutes or hours of receiving the catalogs. For me this was one of the richest rewards of living in the capital of the English-printed-book world.

One morning soon after our arrival in the fall of 1950, the mail brought a catalog, a glance at which quickened my pulse. The small format was unusually attractive—gray covers printed in red, with a typographical arrangement that was highly readable. Four hundred fourteen items, nearly all seventeenth-century English, were listed, running from Abbot through Cyrano de Bergerac, apparently the first installment of a large collection. A note on the back cover of the catalog confirmed this: 'The majority of books here catalogued came from the Britwell Court and Sir Leicester Harmsworth

collections. This is probably the last time that so many seventeenth-century books will be offered at such low prices. No excuse is offered for the fact that so many of them are theological. To endeavour to understand the greatest of centuries and to ignore Theology is like studying the present century and ignoring its politics. It cannot be done.'

So this was where the Harmsworth Protestant Theology books had gone! His Elizabethan books had been bought *en bloc* in 1938 by the Folger Shakespeare Library, giving that institution great eminence in the field of STC books, and the rest of the deceased barrister's vast collections were being sold by installments at Sotheby's. A theological sale had occurred earlier in the year, and rumour had reached me that a country bookseller had outbid his fellows to acquire most of the lots or bundles.

Here now was the country bookseller's first catalog of his haul. The name was not unfamiliar: H. W. Edwards (Booksellers) Ltd., The Wharf, Newbury, Berkshire; we had bought books from earlier catalogs of his. The name and address evoked the figure of a typical English eccentric, tall and elderly, individualistic and crotchety. The cable address—'Dryasdust'—heightened the impression of a rural antiquarian so devoted to his books that he really did not care whether or not one bought them.

My bibliography of Clark Library holdings had not yet arrived, and I could only estimate our holdings of the Harmsworth books cataloged by Edwards. Perhaps twenty per cent. The idea was in my mind to try for the lot. How many were already sold? How long had the catalog been out? I wrote cautiously to Edwards, asking these questions, and about the possibility of a visit to him.

Return mail brought a postcard, written in a spidery hand, informing me that the catalog had been out for a month and that orders were arriving by every mail, but he had not yet gotten around to filling them. There had been a fine spell of weather and he did not feel like working. This confirmed my impression of an old crotchety, hovering possessively over his hoard. Nothing was said about our visiting him. The next mail however brought another

card, giving directions for reaching his shop, and surprisingly enough asking my wife and me to stay overnight with him and his wife in their cottage at Ashmore Green, on the edge of Newbury, providing we could stand the lack of central heating.

Whereupon I hired a Hillman Minx and we set out the next morning on the Great West Road for Newbury fifty miles away. First I stopped at the Chelsea post office and cabled the Clark Library to cable me, in care of 'Dryasdust', the percentage of the Library's holdings of the items A-C listed by Edwards in his first catalog. Too high a percentage would rule out a bloc purchase.

Then we were off in a rented 'Saloon' on our first perilous keep-to-the-left adventure. While my wife watched for the elusive West Road markers, I concentrated on running the gauntlet of Hammersmith Broadway and escaping the whirlpool of the Shepherd's Bush roundabout. All my reflexes said *Keep to the Right!* I drove in a cold sweat. Out of London at last the Great West Road became a narrow two-lane road, carrying all kinds of wheeled traffic from bicycles to lorries, all on the wrong side of the road!

Going through Reading my wife looked for Wilde's infamous gaol, while I kept eyes left. Then it began to rain. We stopped at a tea-room in a village named Theale, where despite the tradition which brings only coffee at eleven, the hostess made us tea, fresh sandwiches and cakes, and I began to relax. In another half hour we reached Newbury, county town of Berkshire⁺ and former center of the cloth trade. There was a wide High Street faced with some noble old stone dwellings. Edwards's directions brought us surely to his shop, 'The Wharf', on one side of a busy square alongside the River Kennet. On the other side stood the ancient Wool Hall, now a museum, and the square was a jungle of the elephantine two-deckers which radiated to all parts of the county.

I knocked on the door of 'The Wharf'. It was opened by a chubby little man, with apple cheeks and bushy gray hair.

'Professor and Mrs. Powell, I believe!' he said, extending his hand.

'Mr. Dryasdust?' I inquired.

⁺ Reading is in fact the county town

He smiled sheepishly. 'I'm Harold Edwards. My wife is expecting us for lunch. Shall we motor on home?'

'I came to look at books, not to eat,' I protested. My wife dug her elbow into my ribs.

Edwards locked the door, and the three of us drove away in the Minx.

'I want books, not food!' I complained.

Edwards chuckled. 'My wife said to bring you home first.' His accent was blended Bloomsbury and Oxford.

'Does your wife have to pass on your customers?' I asked.

'But certainly!' he laughed. My wife's elbow found my ribs again, and I subsided.

Mrs. Edwards was as unexpected as her husband—an exotic brunette, more French than English in appearance, and with an exaggerated way of speaking that heightened her foreignness. She and my wife hit it off at once, as they talked herbs and continental cooking, and later we sat down to an omelette *aux fines herbes*, a salad, and garlic toast.

Edwards admitted that we too had not fulfilled his expectations of an elderly professorial librarian and his graying wife! He proved to be an old-time London bookseller, both he and his wife Holborn-born, and had specialized for years, in a Cecil Court shop off Charing Cross Road, in modern books and out-of-prints for English public libraries. They had moved to Newbury a few months before the outbreak of the war in 1939. Only recently had he become interested in the seventeenth century—through reading Donne's sermons—and had cornered the Harmsworth theologicals in an effort to accumulate in one stroke a catalogable stock. 'I had been reading *Time*,' he confessed. 'And decided I ought to be more of a go-getter!'

After lunch we walked in their garden and orchard. I picked a ripening quince and breathed its sweetness. 'The true apple of the Hesperides,' Edwards remarked.

In back of the orchard stood a grove of yellowing beeches. 'Lawrence once lived nearby,' Edwards said. 'At a place called the Hermitage. There's beautiful country all roundabout.'

‘Nonsense!’ Olive Edwards scorned. ‘Harold never leaves the road between here and The Wharf! He’s a city mouse. I’m the one who loves the country.’

‘Shall we go look at books?’ he asked.

We left our wives in the garden and drove back to Newbury. ‘The Wharf’ was a small shop, consisting of a bookroom and an office cubbyhole. The bookroom was a noble sight, its wall shelves packed solidly with the Harmsworth books—characteristic seventeenth-century 12mos, mostly in original sheep and calf, highlighted with characteristic gold-ruled Britwell bindings and thin little Huths in gilded vellum—and it was fragrant with the also characteristic smell of books of that time.

Edwards put on the tea-kettle, then sat back and watched me giving the collection a swift examination. I did not even try to conceal my excitement in the presence of so many rare books of the greatest period of English prose, as I went through the alphabetical arrangement, taking down a volume here and there to note its condition. A number bore the bookplate and shelf label of the Religious Tract Society, and pencilled in many was the phrase ‘collated and perfect, H.B.Q.’

‘From Quaritch,’ Edwards explained. ‘Sir Leicester bought his theology chiefly from him.’

‘A good provenance,’ I agreed. ‘But quite a few need rebacking.’

‘I haven’t touched them. Why should I? The market is rising, and when Volume 3 of Wing appears it will go higher yet.’

‘None have been sold?’

‘Perhaps a dozen. Bodleian’s Librarian came down last week and took a few. Unusual initiative in a librarian.’

‘You wrote me you have orders for more,’ I said, ignoring the thrust.

‘Arriving by each mail. Cables too. I hate to see them go, so I haven’t filled an order yet. If I could afford it, I’d keep them until I’d read them all.’

‘Are these all the theology Harmsworth had?’

‘No. I didn’t get every lot. I was overbid on most of the Baxters and the clandestine Catholic imprints of Paris and Edinburgh. I got most of them though—about 1,500 volumes here. Of course it’s a small fraction of the period’s output—but a good nucleus.’

Edwards heaved himself up and picked off a volume in mottled calf with modern gilt edges. ‘This is the one Baxter I did get—*A Call to the Unconverted*—next to *The Saints’ Everlasting Rest* his most important book. Only the British Museum copy is recorded. It’s in my catalog at £65 and I’ve already had two orders for it.’

He brewed the tea and presently we sat over steaming cups and took stock of one another. The weather was cold and Edwards had plugged in an electric fire. Outside the buses were gearing and honking. I felt the alchemy of books working in my blood, whereby I moved both ways in the continuum of time, a contemporary of bookmen long dead and yet unborn.

‘It was a wonderful period,’ Edwards said. ‘I don’t know why I wasted so many years on the moderns. I’ve had a great time cataloging these, reading up on the controversies and schisms.’

‘Since working at the Clark Library,’ I said, ‘I’ve come to share your feelings for the seventeenth century. I love to handle these 12mos.’

‘Most librarians hate books,’ Edwards remarked.

‘I love them! Even when they’re unreadable, as I suspect many of these are.’

‘They’re as full of God as our moderns are full of sex!’

I walked about the room again, browsing at random among the closely packed little volumes. Here was Henry Danvers’s *Theopolis or the City of God*, a zealous interpretation of Revelation, published in 1672 by Nathaniel Ponder at the Peacock in Chancery Lane, and containing an engraved folding frontispiece which depicted London as Babylon, with the Mitre and the Pope’s Head taverns marked as particular sinks of iniquity! Nicholas Lockyer’s *Christ’s Communion With His Church Militant* bore the imprint ‘S. G. for J. Rothwel at the Fountain and Bear in Goldsmiths-row in Cheapside, 1656,’ with a sensual epigraph from the Song of Solomon, and was in an

original pre-binding of sewn boards to which the calf had never been added. This made an extraordinary contrast to a red and gold seventeenth-century morocco binding on a bi-lingual treatise by Pierre Berault whose French title was *Bouquet ou un Amas de plusieurs Veritez Theologiques*, and whose facing English title-page read 'A Nosegay, or Miscellany of Divine Truths, London, 1685'. The enterprising Peter Berault prefaced his work with the following classified ad: 'If any Gentleman or Gentlewoman hath a mind to learn French or Latin, the Author will wait upon them; he lives in Cumpton Street, in Soo-Hoo Fields, four doors of the Myter.' It was obvious that Monsieur Berault did not share Mister Danvers's horror of this tavern! A characteristic Britwell . . . Court nineteenth-century binding dressed a popular wood-cut illustrated book called *The Divine Banquet, or Sacramental Devotions*. The imprint, 'At the Bell in the Poultry near Cheapside,' indicated a work published by one of the most enterprising seventeenth-century popularizers, Nathaniel Crouch, who also wrote many of his own titles under the pseudonym Robert Burton. Listed at the end of this devotional were thirty-eight works published by Crouch, a dozen or more of which were already in the Clark Library. Only a single other copy was recorded by Wing of Thomas Blake's *Living Truths in Dying Times*—a plague imprint of 1665.

Edwards was right. The age of Clarendon, Dryden and Newton, in all its political, literary and scientific eminence, was not to be fully understood, without recognizing that it was also the age of Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter, and that theological concepts and terms permeated the entire thought of the seventeenth century. To the nearly 10,000 English and Scottish sermons of that time already in the Clark Library, these hundreds of theological works would be a meaningful addition, and another step toward the Library's goal of assembling the complete printed output of the British Isles from 1640 to 1700. Out of this dense bibliographical mulch rose the few fair flowers of poetry and drama, and all would nourish the Clark Library's proposed new edition of Dryden's complete works.

Such thoughts filled my mind as I sat down again beside Edwards. He poured more tea.

‘Would you sell them *en bloc*?’ I finally ventured.

‘Would I sell them *en bloc*?’ he countered.

‘Yes, would you?’

‘To you?’

‘Yes, to me.’

Edwards chuckled. He reminded me of Uncle Joe Possum in the Thornton Burgess books—ruddy cheeks, gray hair like fur, eyes blue and twinkling.

‘*En bloc* to you?’

‘Yes.’

‘I might.’

There was a long silence. I took down the Baxter and caressed it. ‘I mean *everything*,’ I said. ‘That’s my understanding of “*en bloc*”.’ Another long pause, then I asked, ‘For how much?’

Edwards twinkled. ‘I paid a good deal for them—my costs are entered here in the sale catalog—and I have had the additional cost of cataloging part of them.’

‘I estimate about two hundred will need bindery treatment.’

‘You’ve got a fast eye,’ he remarked.

‘I’m being conservative.’

‘I know a binder in Catford who’ll do them for you.’

‘Dear?’

‘Repairs and rebacks average five bob. Full period-calf rebinds a quid.’

‘I must figure that as part of my purchase price. Add water freight to Los Angeles, and a percentage which will prove duplicate.’

‘Can you estimate duplication?’

‘My guess is 20 per cent. If it runs no higher I’m safe. I expect a cable in the morning.’

Edwards emptied the teapot into our cups. He stirred his and drank up.

‘Two thousand quid,’ he said.

‘A “bob” is a shilling, and a “quid” is a pound?’

‘Right you are. Slang comparable to your “two bits” and “buck”.’

‘How quaint!’ I said.

‘I’m bislingual,’ Edwards admitted.

A long silence ensued, while I walked around the shelves again, considering his offer. The unit cost would be less than \$4.00 per volume before binding. Duplicates could be readily sold. Ten years ago the books could have been bought for half as much or less. Ten years from now they could not be bought for any price, for they were fast disappearing from the market, going into endowed libraries such as the Clark, the Folger and the Huntington, and the university libraries at Yale and Harvard, Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere. Publication of Wing’s great bibliography of the period spotlighted what had hitherto been obscure. The collectors were moving fast.

‘I’ll know in the morning,’ I said at last.

‘Jolly good.’

He locked up the shop and we drove back to his cottage.

The four of us spent a long evening of food and drink and book talk. Harold Edwards had lived thirty-five of his fifty years in the book trade and he gave shrewd appraisals of his colleagues throughout Britain and leads on where I would be apt to make good buys. Every room in the cottage held books. Toward midnight my wife and I retired to an icy bedroom and slept like babes.

At breakfast the telephone rang and Olive Edwards answered. ‘A cable for Doctor Powell,’ she reported. ‘Only two words—“Fifteen percent”.’

Edwards eyes twinkled. His eyebrows questioned.

‘Yes,’ I said.

‘Jolly good!’ he murmured.

Our wives looked puzzled.

‘I’ve just bought the Harmsworth collection,’ I explained.

Olive Edwards laughed. ‘Men are such fools,’ she said to my wife. ‘Before you came, Harold swore he’d never sell the collection *en bloc*, least of all to an American librarian.’

‘Well?’ I taxed him.

He twinkled and blushed, then asked, in pseudo-American accent, ‘Can’t a guy make a fast buck?’

‘*Quid pro* book!’ I replied.

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

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SOME BYGONE OPERATIONS IN SURGERY

BY

SIR D'ARCY POWER, K.B.E., F.S.A.

V. LITHOTRITY : THE CASE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III

[Reprinted from THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY,
Vol. XIX, No. 73, 1931.]

BRISTOL: JOHN WRIGHT & SONS LTD.

LONDON: SIMPKIN MARSHALL LTD.

1931

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1931.

No. 73.

SOME BYGONE OPERATIONS IN SURGERY.

BY SIR D'ARCY POWER, K.B.E., LONDON.

V. LITHOTRITY: THE CASE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

LITHOTRITY in its original form had a short and brilliant career in the history of surgical operations. In a modified form it is still in use, but with diminishing frequency, at any rate in England, where stone in the bladder is becoming yearly less common, as hygiene, dietetics, and social habits improve, with advances in our knowledge of the laws of health.

Lithotrity began in the early part of the last century as a counterblast to the use of lithontryptics and lithotomy, which were yielding very unsatisfactory results. Jean Civiale (1792–1867), when he was as yet only a second-year medical student in the University of Paris, began a series of experiments in 1817 to ascertain whether it was possible to crush a stone in the bladder without injuring the walls. He invented a variety of instruments for the purpose and read many papers before the scientific societies, but it was not until 1823 that he ventured to operate upon a living patient. His method did not attract much attention at first outside Paris, though Jean Leroy (D'Étiolles), the tactless and jealous Charles Louis Stanislas Heurteloup, and Franz von Gruithuisen, who was afterwards Professor of Astronomy at Munich, were also devising instruments for the same purpose.

The earlier instruments were large and formidable pieces of apparatus, consisting in principle of a straight metal catheter provided with a claw-shaped end by which the stone was seized and held in position whilst it was being broken up by a metal rod passed through the catheter. The stone was either pierced, drilled, crushed, or squeezed by force exerted through the rod. An attempt was made to crush the stone with these instruments at a single sitting, the fragments being allowed to pass by the natural expulsive efforts of the bladder.

The method spread slowly beyond France, and it was not until 1827 that lithotrity was undertaken in Austria and in Italy. Baron Heurteloup came to London in 1828 and lived in Vere Street until 1832. On July 24 and 30 and on August 20, 1829, he operated upon a seaman, age 64, who was under

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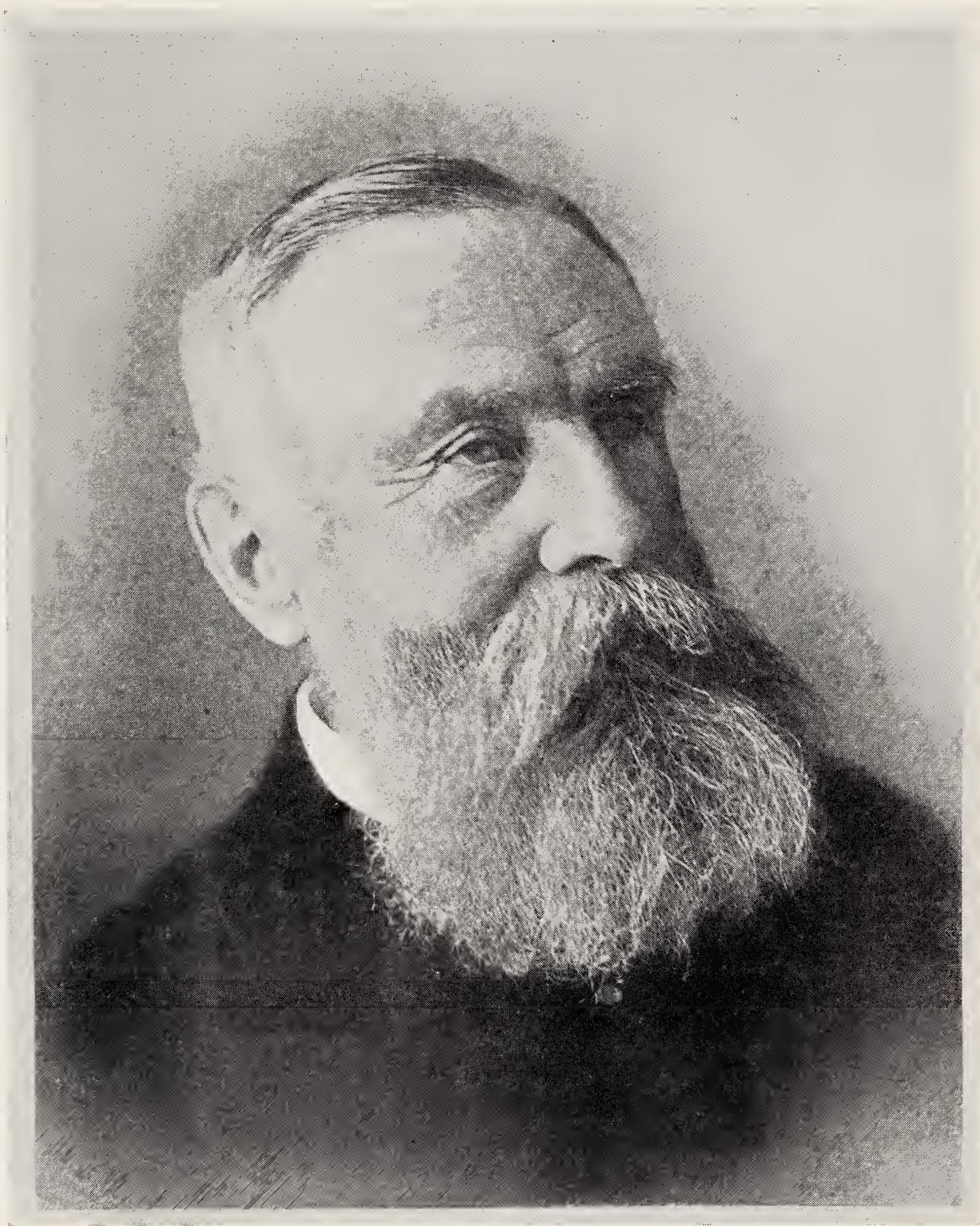
the care of Anthony White in Westminster Hospital, and this was the first case of lithotrity in England. Heurteloup had improved his technique by 1832, for he was then crushing stones at a single sitting and removing the fragments by syringing out the bladder through a catheter with a large eye. He claimed that for this purpose he invented the syringe now in general use which has three rings to enable it to be used with one hand.



SIR HENRY THOMPSON

The value of the operation was quickly recognized. Joseph Hodgson in England and Philip Crampton in Dublin performed it frequently, simplified the instrument, and improved the method of removing the fragments, though they preferred to crush the stone at repeated sittings lasting only a few minutes. The lithotrite by this time was assuming its present shape—a rod ending in a flattened blade set at an angle. A movable blade passed along the fixed one,

the sliding movement being converted into a serew motion when the stone had been seized. The female blade, at first solid, was afterwards fenestrated to allow the fragments of the stone to drop back into the bladder. The standardization of the instrument was due largely to the mechanical genius of John Weiss, the instrument maker, who then had a shop in the Strand. Credit must also be given to Charrière, of Paris, whose model Weiss improved in several particulars.



PROFESSOR H. JACOB BIGELOW

The praetice of lithotrity soon fell largely into the hands of (Sir) Henry Thompson, who was devoting himself to the surgical treatment of diseases of the urinary organs. Thompson visited Paris in July, 1858, to study under Civiale, and in 1863 he published the results of his experience in the Lettsomian Lectures delivered before the Medieal Society of London. Improvements had in the meantime been made in the method of evaeuating the fragments of

crushed stone, and in 1846 Philip Crampton was using as a suction apparatus a glass bottle exhausted of air and connected with a catheter by means of a rubber tube provided with a stopcock. Mr. J. T. Clover, the anæsthetist, invented his apparatus in 1866, which, with slight modifications, is still in use. It consists of a rubber bulb with a glass trap to catch the fragments as they are washed out through an evacuating catheter.

The stone was crushed at repeated sittings until in 1878, when Professor H. Jacob Bigelow (1818–1890) of the Harvard University, Boston, Mass., revolutionized the operation by crushing the stone at a single sitting (continued for as long as might be necessary) and removing all the fragments whilst the patient was still under the anæsthetic. He did this by using a more powerful lithotrite, a larger evacuating catheter, and a more efficient evacuating apparatus. The operation was carefully thought out and was the result of more than three years' experimental work. His first operation was performed on May 15, 1876, the patient being a man of 60 who had suffered with symptoms of stone for twenty years. The method of litholapaxy or rapid lithotripsy with evacuation was brought to the notice of English surgeons by Reginald Harrison at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association on August 8, 1878, but it did not come into use for several years afterwards.

The success of Sir Henry Thompson's lithotrities, many of which were done at University College Hospital, became so well known that in 1863 he was called upon to complete the work which Civiale had begun eighteen months previously and crush the stone which had long troubled Leopold I, King of the Belgians. The earlier sittings had been suspended owing to an attack of acute cystitis, but Thompson avoided its recurrence by using a new lithotrite on each occasion. Nine years later he was summoned to Camden Place, Chislehurst, in Kent, to consider the case of the Emperor Napoleon III. The Emperor had suffered from urinary trouble for some years, and on July 1, 1870, a consultation had been held at the Tuileries to determine the cause of his sufferings. There were present MM. Nélaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Sée, Corvisart, and Conneau, the last being his private medical attendant. Professor Sée was asked to put the findings of the consultants into writing, and Conneau undertook to obtain the signatures of the surgeons and bring the report to the notice of the Empress. The report, dated July 3, 1870, stated that the Emperor had suffered from four attacks of hæmaturia in the preceding five years and that from August, 1869, the urine had always contained pus. The shaking of a carriage and riding on horseback caused much pain. There was also dysuria, and a catheter had been used on two occasions at least. It was thought from these signs and symptoms that the Emperor undoubtedly had a renal or a vesical calculus, and exploratory measures were recommended. The report, however, miscarried owing no doubt to the turmoil prevailing in those July days just before the declaration of war against Germany. It was never signed by the consultants and it was never shown to the Empress. It seems to have been kept by Dr. Conneau, for it was seized with his other papers at the Tuileries on September 4, 1870, and was then published. The document is of historical importance owing to the date on which it was drawn up—July 3, 1870—three days before the declaration of war.

Had it been seen by the Empress and had an operation been decided upon, events might have happened very differently. The outbreak of hostilities might have been delayed or even entirely abandoned. As it was, they were undertaken by a very sick man, and in the end Napoleon came to England as an exile.

The symptoms improved for some time after the arrival of the Emperor in England from Wilhelmshöhe, but later they increased in severity until in July, 1872, Sir William Gull and Sir Henry Thompson met Dr. Conneau in consultation. The prostate was then found to be healthy, but the Emperor declined to allow a catheter to be passed. Palliative measures, therefore, could alone be recommended. The pain increased, and prevented riding, driving, and even walking, until on October 31 he consulted Sir James Paget, who advised an exploration of the bladder. This was again declined, and it was not until December 24 that Sir Henry Thompson was allowed to pass a flexible catheter, after which he impressed upon the patient the urgent necessity for an exploration of the bladder under an anæsthetic.

The necessary arrangements were made, and on Thursday, January 2, 1873, an anæsthetic was given by Mr. Clover. Sir Henry Thompson introduced a lithotrite and determined the presence of a vesical calculus, probably phosphatic, of the size of a walnut or large chestnut. The examination was made at 3.30 p.m. in the presence of Sir William Gull, Baron Corvisart, Dr. Conneau, and Mr. John Foster (brother of Sir Michael Foster the physiologist), who was then acting as Thompson's private assistant. The stone was crushed and a considerable quantity of débris was removed. The operation was followed by much pain, and a second sitting was arranged for Monday, January 6, at 10 a.m. This second sitting had to be postponed for two hours as the patient had a rigor, and it was not until 12 o'clock midday that the anæsthetic was administered, again by Mr. Clover. A large fragment of stone was then found impacted in the membranous portion of the urethra. Much delicate handling had to be undertaken before it was dislodged and further crushing was possible. There was evidence of obstruction on the day following this second sitting, but it was less complete, and it was decided not to pass any instrument. A third séance was arranged for the morning of Thursday, January 9, but by this time it is evident that the general condition of the Emperor had given rise to anxiety. He was seen at 11 o'clock on Wednesday night by his medical attendants; at 2 a.m. on Thursday by Dr. Conneau; at 4 a.m. by Baron Corvisart; at 6 a.m. by Sir Henry Thompson; and at 9.45 a.m. by all his medical attendants in consultation, as well as by Mr. Clover.

It was reported that the Emperor had slept better than on the previous night, and it was decided to proceed with a further lithotrity at 12 o'clock. He became alarmingly ill, however, at 10.25, and died at 10.45. A post-mortem examination was made by Dr. J. Burdon Sanderson, then the foremost pathologist of the day, who found extensive disease of both kidneys. The calculus weighed about $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. and measured $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{5}{16}$ in. All the other organs were healthy. About one-half of it had been crushed. Its nature is not stated, but it appears to have consisted of urates with a coating of phosphates.

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Sir Henry Thompson, the operator, was a remarkable man. Born in 1820, he was the only son of the village shopkeeper at Framlingham in Suffolk, by his wife Susannah, daughter of Samuel Medley, the artist who painted the well-known portrait group of the founders of the Medical Society of London. Medley afterwards went on the Stock Exchange, made money, and was instrumental in founding University College (afterwards the London University) in 1826. Both the parents of Sir Henry Thompson were rigid nonconformists who dreaded a scientific education and disliked the idea of a profession for their son. Thompson, therefore, was employed for a short time in his father's business, but soon tiring of it, apprenticed himself to George Bottomley, a medical man practising at Croydon in Surrey. He entered as a medical student at University College, London, in October, 1844, and distinguished himself by winning the gold medals in anatomy and surgery and by his appointment under Sir John Eric Erichsen as his first house surgeon. At the end of his term of office he entered into partnership with his former master George Bottomley, but soon returned to London with the intention of practising as a surgeon. He was elected Assistant Surgeon to University College Hospital in 1853, becoming full Surgeon in 1863, Professor of Clinical Surgery in 1866, and Consulting Surgeon in 1874.

Thompson was an ardent champion of cremation as a method of disposal of the dead. He first drew attention to the subject by an article in the *Contemporary Review* in 1874, and by his energy established a Cremation Society of which he remained President until his death. A Crematorium was built at Woking, but its use was forbidden by Lord Cross, who was then Home Secretary, and it was not until March, 1885, that the first cremation was undertaken after Sir James Stephen had declared in a test case that the procedure was not illegal if it were carried out decently and without offence.

Thompson was a skilled artist, the talent no doubt being derived through his mother, though it was fostered by study under Edward Elmore, R.A. and Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, and he exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy. He was also interested in astronomy and built an observatory at Molesey, where he had a country house. He was, too, an eminent collector of china, his collection being sold at Christie's on June 1, 1880. In the social life of London he played a great part as a host. He was celebrated for his 'Octaves'—dinners of eight persons, eight courses, at 8 o'clock. The company, the food, and the wines were of the choicest. King Edward was of the party on more than one occasion, and King George V, when Prince of Wales, was present at the 300th octave. Thompson received the honour of knighthood in 1867 and was created a baronet in 1898. He married Kate Fanny, daughter of George Loder, of Bath, and was the father of a son, Sir Henry Francis Herbert Thompson, and two daughters. Lady Thompson was well known for her musical talent as a pianist.

Sir Henry Thompson died at 35 Wimpole Street, where he had lived all his professional life, on April 18, 1904, and his body was cremated at the Golder's Green crematorium.

He wrote much, both professionally and in the lay reviews and magazines, and published two novels under the name of "Pen Oliver, F.R.C.S.," the

first in 1885 being entitled *Charlie Kingston's Aunt*, the second in 1886, *All But, a Chronicle of Laxenford*, which is illustrated by twenty-four whole-page drawings by himself.

The portrait of Sir Henry Thompson is reproduced from *All But*, a copy of which was kindly lent by Mr. George Buckston Browne, F.R.C.S.Eng., who was formerly his private assistant. The original was drawn by Sir Henry Thompson, and represents him as he appeared in 1885 in Framlingham, his native village. The portrait of Professor Bigelow is from a photograph taken in 1888.

